I used to grin.
I used to dance.
The streets weren't always
slick with blood,
sick with drugs.
My life seems to be
marked down
for quick removal
from the shelf.
When I fuck
the salt tastes sweet.

At the end of heavy breathing
for the price of the ticket
we pay dearly, don't we darling?
Searching for evidence
of things not seen.
I am looking
for Giovanni's room
in this bathhouse.
I know he's here.

I cruise a black maze,
my white sail blowing full.
I wind my way through corridors
lined with identical doors
left ajar, slammed shut,
or thrown open to the dark.
Some rooms are lit and empty,
their previous tenant
soon-to-be-wiped-away,
then another will arrive
with towels and sheets.

We buy time here
so we can fuck each other.

Everyone hasn't gone to the moon.
Some of us are still here,
breathing heavy,
navigating this deadly
sexual turbulence;
perhaps we are
the unlucky ones.

Occasionally I long
for a dead man
I never slept with.
I saw you one night
in a dark room
caught in the bounce of light
from the corridor.
You were intent
on throwing dick
into the depths
of a squirming man
bent to the floor,
blood rushing
to both your heads.

I wanted to give you
my sweet man pussy,
but you grunted me away
and all other Black men
who tried to be near you.
Our beautiful nigga lips and limbs
stirred no desire in you.
Instead you chose blonde,
milk-toned creatures to bed.
But you were still one of us,
dark like us, despised like us.

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